J. F. C. Harrison

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THE

SABBATH SCHOOL RECITER'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED

BY HENRY BROOKS.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED,

THE SLINGSBY

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Price 6d. per dozen, or by post 7d.

SLINGSBY, Printed and Published by the EDITOR, 1871.

THE
SABBATH SCHOOL RECITER'S
MAGAZINE.
JANUARY, 1871.

CONTENT.

Far from the city I reside,
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride,
True to my heart, I seldom roam,
Because I find my joys at home:
For foreign visits then begin
When the man feels a void within.
But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
No humorist, nor cynic, I,
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
The friendship of the good and wise
Bid Virtue and her sons attend,
Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
Tell thee I'm faithful, constant, kind,
And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;
Will say there's no distinction known
Betwixt her household and my own.
I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart if all be right:

If "Right" replies my faithful breast,
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.
The clergy say they love me well;
Whether they do, they best can tell:
They paint me modest, friendly wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If action's preach a diff'rent tale?
Who'll seek my door, and grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls!
With those my friendships most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours when'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no pow'rful friends;
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great;
Careless who rises or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls:
Much less, by pride and int'rest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundametal truths impart:
If you'll my kind advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut and dwell with you.
The passions are a numerous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud:
Curb these licentious sons of strife;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.
Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much:
For disappointment's not the thing;
'Tis pride and passion points the sting.
Life is a sea, where storms must rise;
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ;
Distrust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.

The Hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy?
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say, then shall Sov'reign Love desert
The humble and the honest heart?
Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind.
God is alike both good and wise
In what He grants and what denies:
Perhaps what Goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow,—Goodness takes away.
You say, that troubles intervene;
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world is not design'd for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.
Of Heaven,—ask virtue, wisdom, health;
But never let your pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (tho' little gold),
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may Nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise;

If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crown the whole;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more:
And if kind Heaven this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heaven bestows on kings.

———o———

THE LITTLE ONE'S APPEAL.

I AM a very little one,
  But me you'll no despise;
Since for my sake God's Holy One,
  Came from above the skies.

I'm very little, hence you know
  I've very much to learn;
But Teachers will not fail to show,
  How I may knowledge gain.

Then let them have your kindest aid,
  Your pence you'll never miss,
For Heav'n will see you are repaid,
  In the next world,—or this.

Your smiling faces show to me,
  You nobly will respond;
So I need say no more, and the
  Collectors will come round. Brooks.

Lines on the death of

MISS ELIZABETH BANKS,

OF HOVINGHAM; Late a scholar in the Sabbathschool

Who died December 30th 1870, Aged 19 Years.

NOR youth, nor beauty can avail,
To stay the ruthless hand of death;
Nor strength, nor wisdom can prevail
To lengthen out our span on earth.
The loveliest human flow'r which bloom
Must droop beneath his withering hand
And youth must find an early tomb,
'Tis vain his coming to withstand.
Could beauty, youth, or love prevent,
Or turn aside his fatal blow,
The charms Elizabeth could present,
Might still have kept her here below:

But no, her lovely form now lies,
  A victim to his relentless stroke;
And all the fond endearing ties,
  That bound her to the earth are broke.
Love mourns her exit from the earth,
  And tender friendships in their turn,
Conspire to weave the flow'ry wreath,
  And hang it round her funeral urn.
Parantal love may feel their loss,
  And friendship drop the pitying tear;
But Oh! to her it all is dross,
  She mounts with joy the heav'nly sphere,
And joins the music of the skies:
  Her soul by grace prepar'd below,
On wings of faith and love to rise,
  She's gain'd eternal glory now,
And sings with all the saints on high.
  Her Sister too, who went before,
For whom she heav'd the mournful sigh,
  Now greets her on the eternal shore.
With them earth's shadows now are fled
  And all those sorrows. pains, and cares,
Which here distract both heart and head;
  And 'scapt are all satanic snares.
Full tides of glory round them roll,
  Whil'st joys unmix'd that never fade,

Transport to extecy each soul,
  Midst light of day that knows no shade.
The triune God of love enthron'd,
  Unvail'd in heav'n's own light they view ;
Themselves in robes of white arraid,
  That's ever fresh and ever new :
Their fingers strike the golden lyre,
  O, how sweet the notes they raise ;—
Their voices join the heav'nly choir,
  In their triumphant songs of praise.
Farewell then, lov'd ones for awhile,
  That morn shall soon your flesh restor,
Then, may we meet you with a smile.
  When time and death shall be no more.

H. Brooks.

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THE

SLINGSBY

MONTHLY REGISTER.

JANUARY, 1871.

DIVINE Service is held in the Slingsby Church, every Sunday morning at ten o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 6.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL

Is open for publie worship, every alternate Sunday afternoon at 2 o'Clock, and every Sunday evening at 6.

The following Preachers are appointed, from February 26th to March 26, viz—

Sun. Feb. 26, Rev. J. Dyson, Malton, at 6
Sun. March 5 W. Brignall, Malton, 2 &6
Tues. 7, Rev. J. Dyson, Malton, at 6½
Sun. 12, Rev. J. Finnemore, Norton, at 6.
Sun. 19, W. Moore, Nunnington, at 2 &6
Sun. 26, Rev. E. Hayward, Norton, at 6.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 14th inst at Slingsby, the wife of Mr J. Thornton, of a son.

On the 17th inst, at Slingsby the wife of Mr D. Thornton of a daughter.

On the 22nd ins, at Slingsby, the wife of Mr W. Hargrave, Saddler, of a daugr.

MARRIED.

On the 18th inst, at Slingsby, by the Rev. W. Carter, Mr. George Hunton, of Hovingham, to Miss Ann Hopwood of Slingsby.

DEATHS.

On the 7th inst, at Slingsby, Mr. Robt, Brown, aged 66.

On the 27th inst, Elizabeth, widow of Mr James Carr, aged 81.

Though spar'd through many rolling years,
To cheer their friends and kindred here;
The oldest in this vale of tears.
Must droop at last, and disappear.

H. Brooks.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY H. BROOKS,
Slingsby, York.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL RECITER'S MAGAZINE, EDITED BY H. BROOKS, is Published Monthly; Price 6d. per dozen, or by Post 7d.

The POETIC GARLAND, Edited By H. Brooks, published occasionally. Price 3d. Part II now ready.

A BRIEF MEMORIAL OF MRS. ANN BROOKS, late of Old Malton. By H. Brooks. Price 4d.

AN ELEGY on the death of MRS. F. SELLER, late of Old Malton; who was murdered by her own son, in the 74th year of her age. By H. Brooks. Price 2d.

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INFIDELITY DEMOLISHED, a Dialogue between Christianity and Infidelity By H. Brooks. Price 3d.